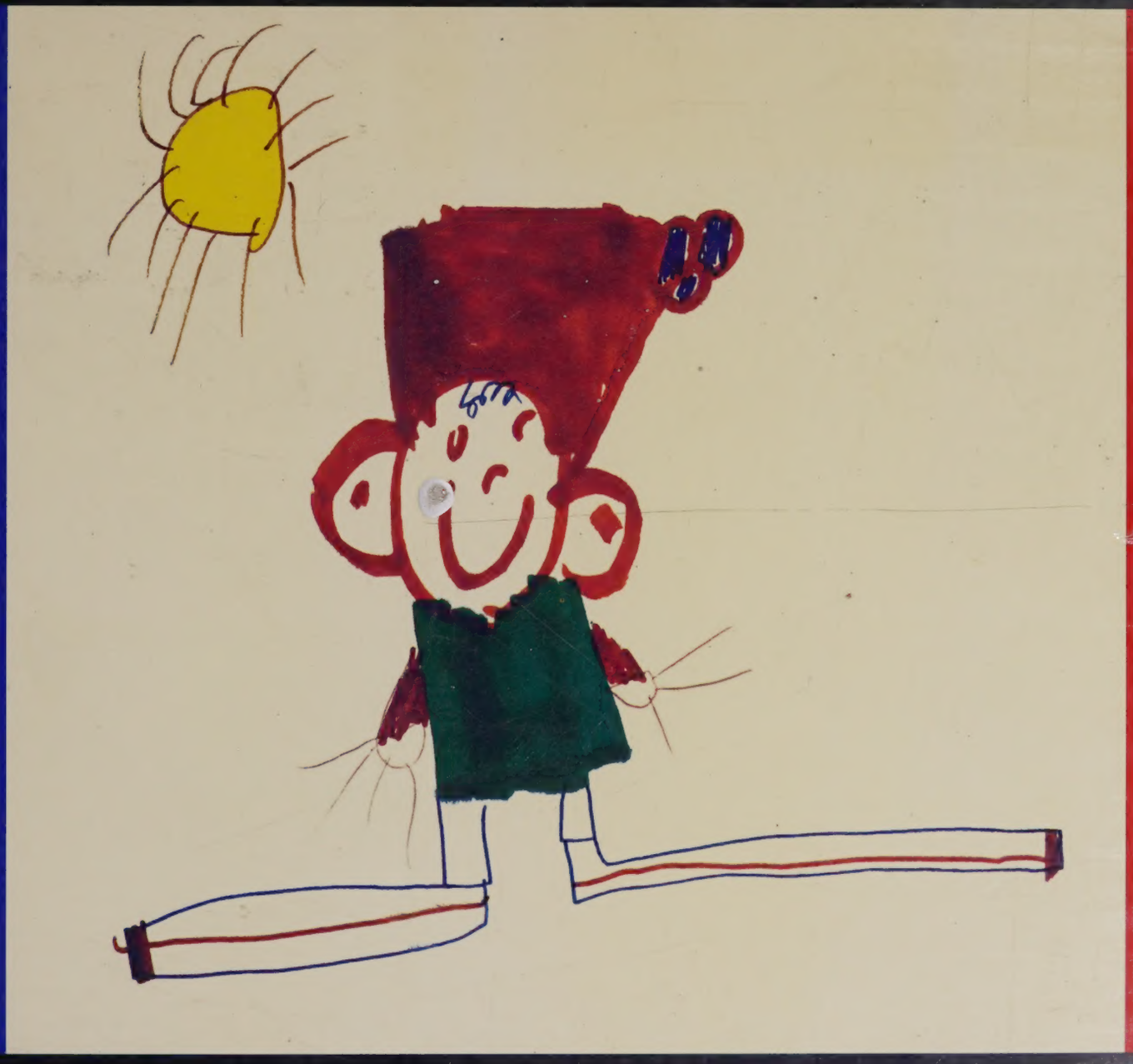
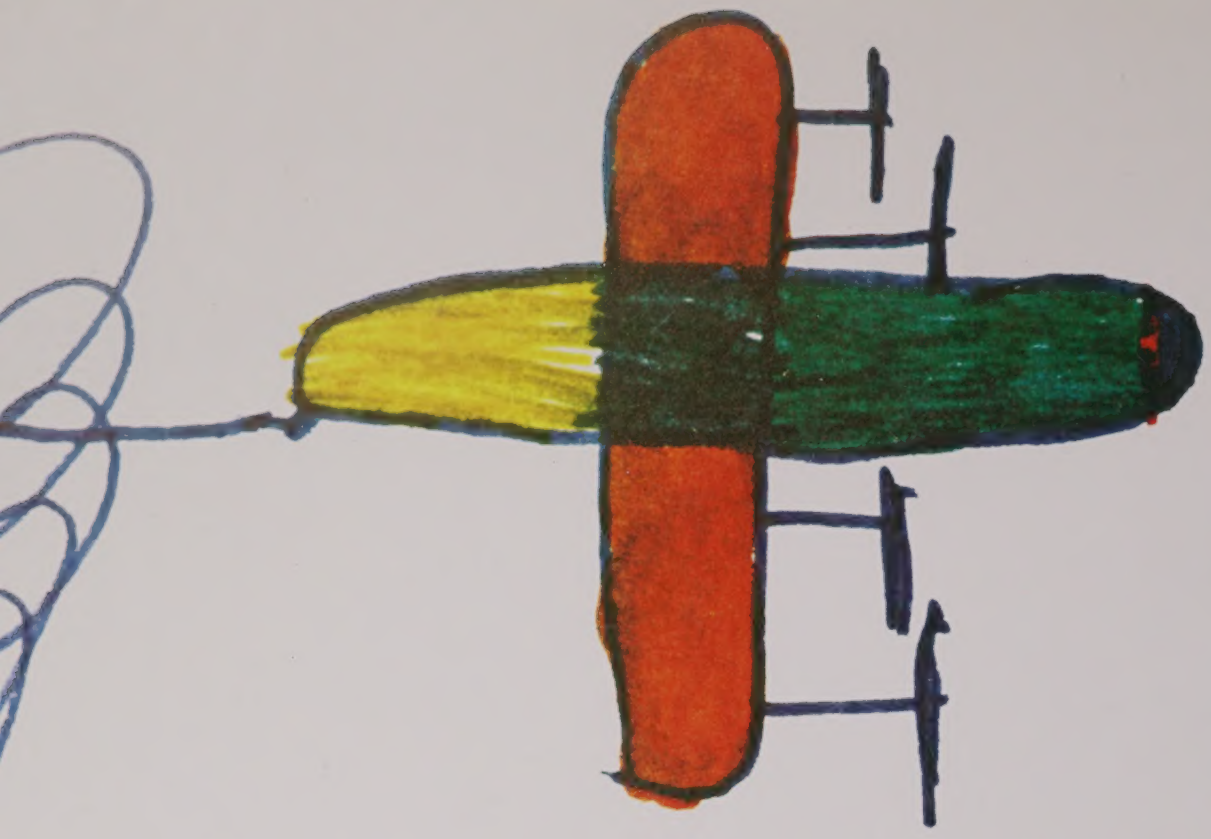
CRISS-CROS

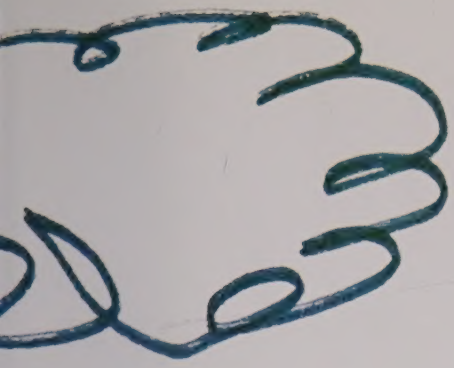


APPLESAUC

Criss-Cross Applesauce



SS-CROSS



By B.A. King and Children
Text by Tomie de Paola
Addison House, Inc.
and Black Ice Publishers

PPLESAUCE

The Fisherman

Someday, I will catch the biggest, most beautiful fish in the whole world.

Then I'll build him a big, big tank, all out of glass, and put wheels on it.

We'll drive all over the place and people will pay a dollar to see him. I'll have music playing and he will do tricks and everything.

When we're rich I'll take him home and make him a big swimming pool in the back yard. The swimming pool will be painted blue and have lights in it.

I'll call my fish *Ralph*.

Oh, I know some people will think Ralph's a dumb name for an old fish.

But Ralph will be my friend.

Cowboy

"Lookie here, Sheriff. Fresh tracks. And some of the loot.

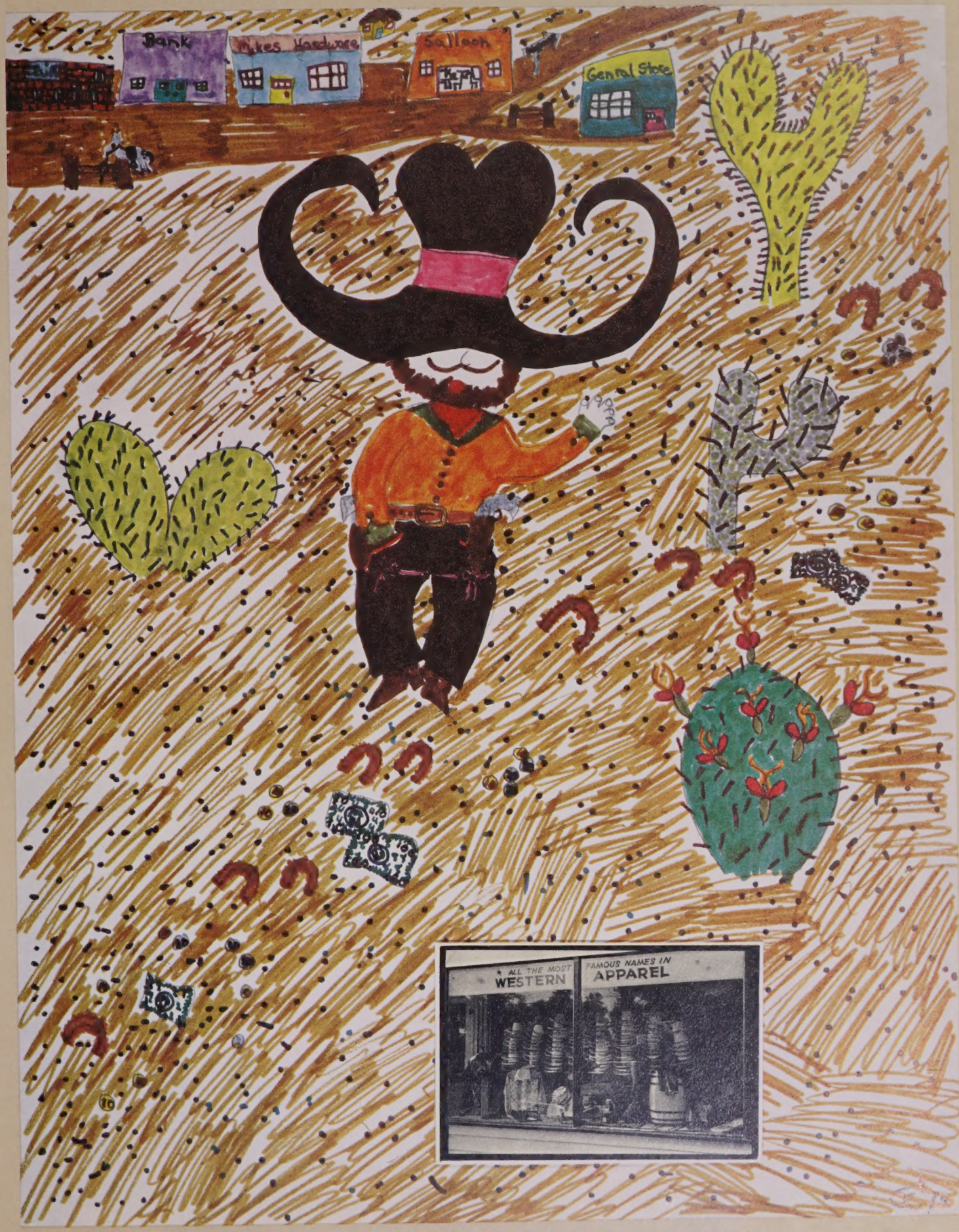
I betcha those hombres set out for Devil's Head Mesa.

I'll round up some of the boys so you can deputize us, then we'll head out.

They can't be far and if we ride hard, we're sure to catch 'em."

(I hope we go in that store. Maybe Dad will buy me a ten gallon hat and a pair of chaps.

That's what I really want—a pair of chaps.)


Bank
Mikes Hardware
Saloon
General Store
★ ALL THE MOST
WESTERN
FAMOUS NAMES IN
APPAREL

Ken ball
Bob Plad
Don Ranch
Wendy Wasp
Steve Pod
Tom Lack
Bob Jackson
Jerry Jackson
John King
died in 1958
born in 1917. a member of world war two. Died after world war two.
Wendy King

The New Grave

There is a new grave in the cemetary...
just an empty hole with a pile of dirt
beside it.

It doesn't have a marker with a name on
it, or dates, or a poem yet.

And no flowers or flags.

Or people coming and crying.

Maybe next year.

The Footprint

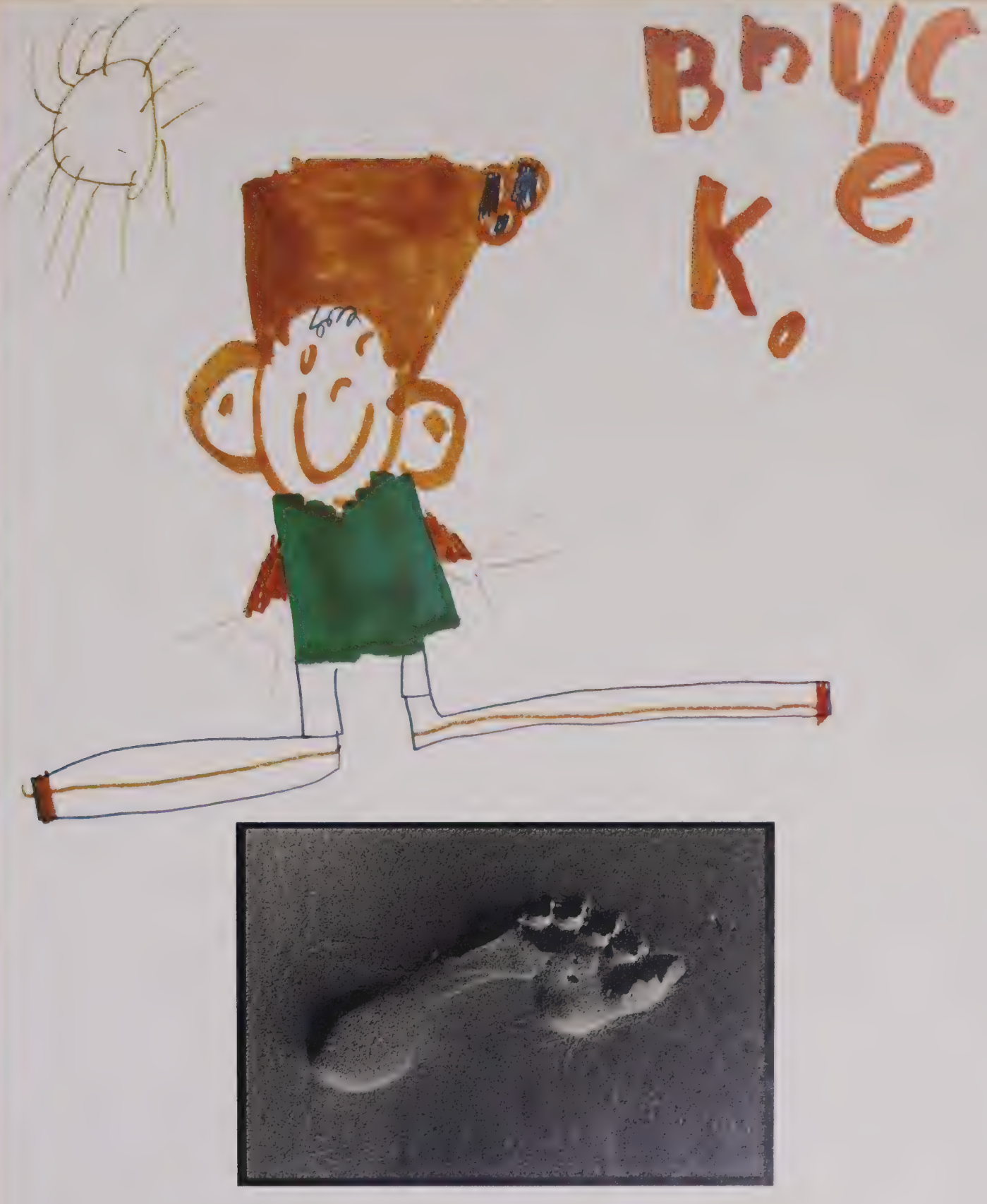
There it was! Right there, in the sand. Right where the ocean stopped making waves.

It was big! As big as a small giant's. I bet giants go to the beach too.

Or maybe it was Big Foot, just down here for a hot dog roast.

Robinson Crusoe saw a footprint too! I read that in a book from the library.

(Mom said that when I grow up my feet will be even bigger!)

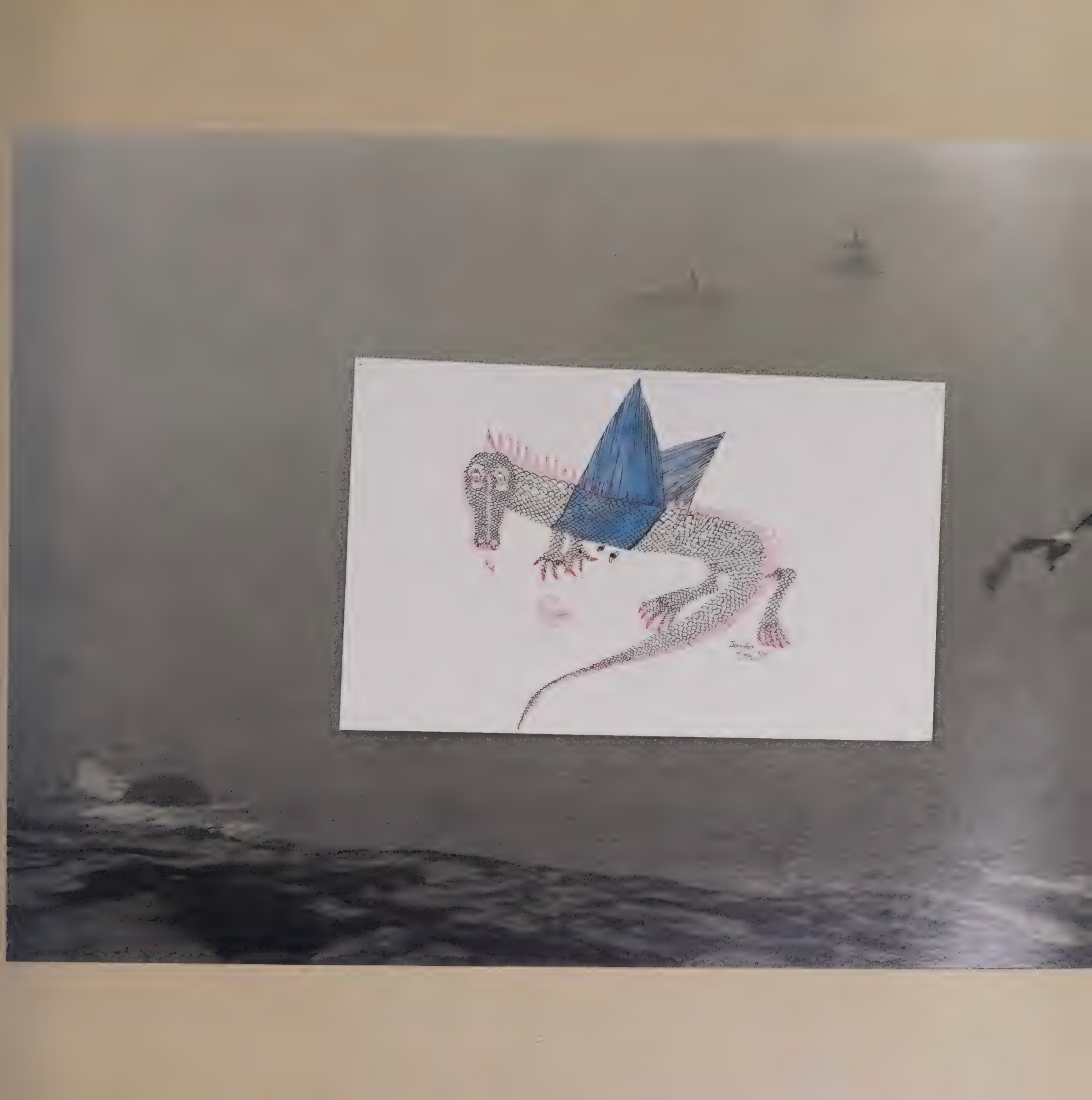

Bryce
K.

Migrating Dragon

There is a dragon that stops off for a day or two on its way from Alaska to Australia—and vice versa.

...Usually the third week in March and the second week in October.

It eats clams.



The Meadow

See that meadow?

Well, one day, early in the morning last spring, I saw a whole family of unicorns just sitting there eating and smelling all the flowers.

I wanted to ride one, but unicorns are very shy.

Martha said they come from the Middle Ages.

But I think they come from outer space.

If you come back in the spring, maybe I'll show them to you.

And then it will be just our secret.

Three cats tell their histories.

Halloween Cat

"I remember the good old days.

I used to ride on the end of a broom.

I'd arch my back, and stand on a fence so the moon would shine in back of me and people would be scared.

But the best thing was the parties.

Those old girls really knew how to throw parties.

Do I miss all that?

Well, a little, but not really.

This barn is nice and warm and dry all year round and you have to grow up sometime!"

Artist Cat

"This is my newest painting.
I like to paint dogs and people.
I call it, 'Hunter with dogs, looking for a rabbit, while smoking a pipe.'
Right now, I'm working on landscapes. I like landscapes. Especially those with different kinds of birds and caterpillars."

Looking Cat

"There is nothing nicer than sitting in a
window and watching the world go by.
I have seven windows.
I see something different from each one."

Cow Complaint

All my life I've lived in a red barn. So did my whole family before me.

Just once, for a week—even a day!—I wish I could live in a *blue* barn. A *blue* barn as *blue* as the sky—as *blue* as fall asters.

Is that too much to ask?

The Horse's Friend

I have a little friend with black hair and we have a secret.

We are the only two who can see how *really* beautiful and spacious *our* meadow is.

Proposal

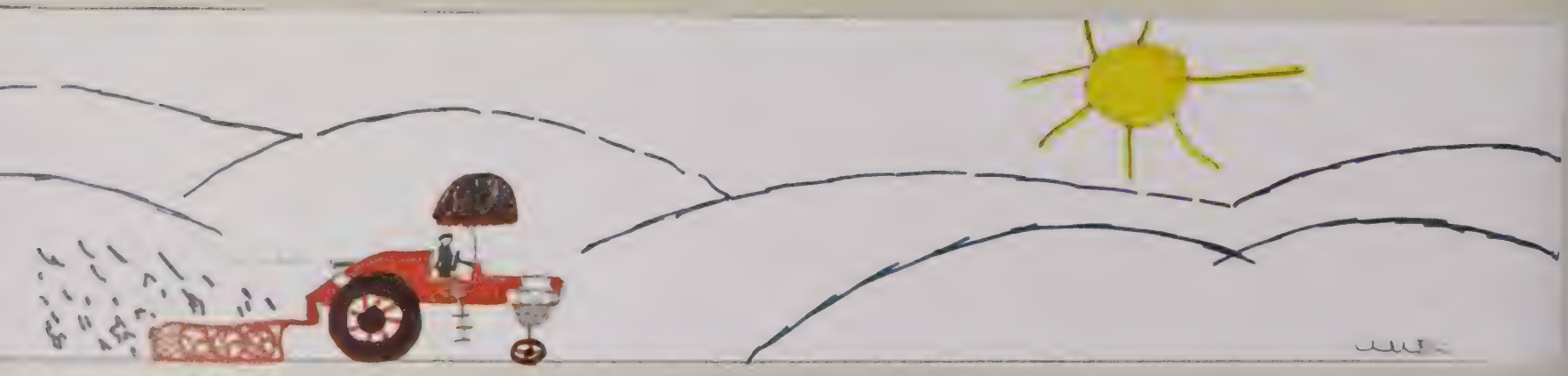
When we got to the top of the big hill Mom and Dad told me this was where Dad asked Mom to marry him—right by the two trees.

Mom said that Dad danced around when she said yes.

"Did you?" I asked Dad.

"I sure did," he said.

Boy, I wish I had been there! I'd give anything to see my dad dance!



Mouse Tunnels

Sometimes I wish I was a mole or field-mouse, especially in the winter.

It would be so neat to crawl around in tunnels under the ground and watch all the stuff that was planted last fall grow.

I wonder if it really looks like those movies I see, where the seeds bust open and all the roots come squiggling out and the stems go all snakey and then the leaves open up like umbrellas.

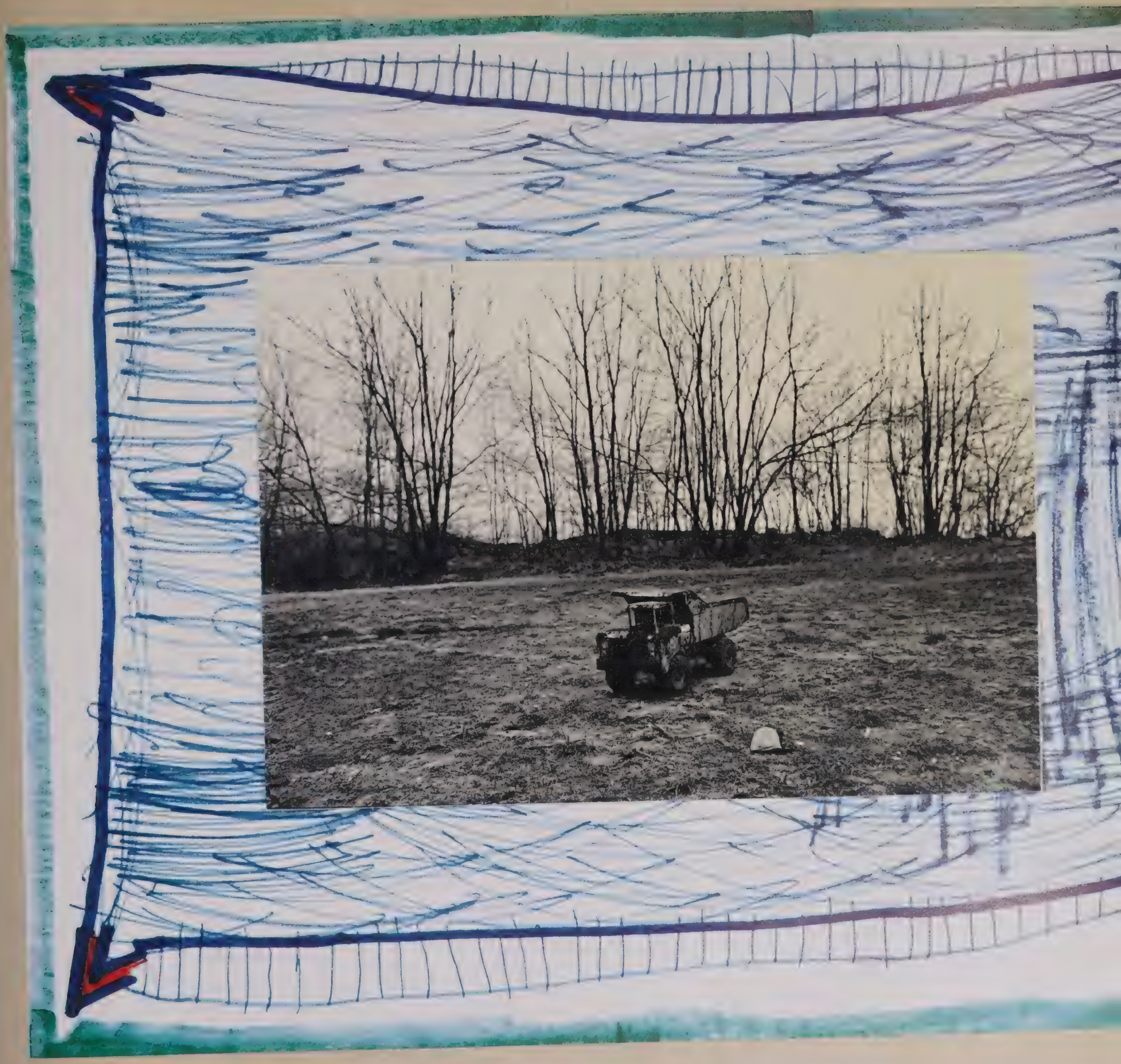
I bet it does, especially if you're real small like a mouse.

Maybe if I wish hard enough....

The Truck

Guess what I found out in the field this morning? A real *gnome* dump truck.

It wasn't there yesterday!



Tree-Wish

It won't be long now.

Even though there's still snow on my branches I can feel spring coming—way down at my roots.

I hope those two birds come back and build a nest in me. They certainly brighten up my days.

And they're such good company.

Thought While Skiing

The thing I wonder about most, when
everything is so *white* with winter, is
where does all the color go?
  Back to the rainbow to sleep?

Thought While Skating

"And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the *Star* of the Ice Show..."

I'll wear a really pretty costume and I might even get to be Snow White or something like that.

That will be fun – to skate with all the people in those funny animal costumes.

I wonder if the audience will clap loud?

Thoughts on Santa Claus

You know, Santa Claus must not weigh very much, even though he's supposed to have a big round belly.

I've never heard him walking on our roof and I sleep upstairs.

And I looked on Christmas morning and he didn't even leave footprints on the snow up there.

Mom said he walked on tip-toes, but I tried that and I still made dents in the snow.

I think he has a special space-suit-thing so he just floats around and never has to touch the ground.

I bet he does, because if he walked in the snow his feet would get wet and he'd leave wet-spots on the floor—like I did yesterday.

His mom must have yelled at him too, when he was a kid.

Boy, I sure wish I could get one of those Santa space-suit-things...for myself.

Spaceship

Some people fly in balloons.

Some people fly in jets.

But when I grow up, I'm going to have a super-duper, extra special spaceship that I can give a ride to everyone in our school.

Even the principal.

She can give directions. She knows how to do *that* already.

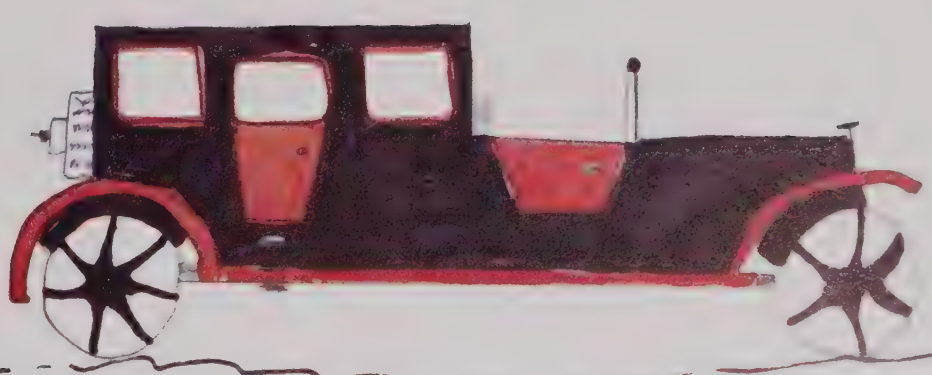
The Car

That old car in the barn is really neat.

It even has a special place for the *show-fur.*

I'll bet the King and Queen of England gave it to my great grandfather and great grandmother when they came to visit.

I think I'll go ask.



Dream Car

In the back of the magazine it says, "You,
too, can build the car of your dreams."
If I start with that old truck out back....

From Scotland

We have some Scottish Steer (cows). They have long, long horns and shaggy, shaggy fur and they'll only dance when they hear bag-pipes.

Rock Group

Every time I walk home from my guitar lesson, I think what it will be like when I have my own group and we play together on the stage.

You have to have four people to have a group.

I'd like to call it The Popsicles.

Jenny King

The Monster

Sometimes in the winter you see rock-
things that must come from a special land.
My special land is inside a cave and is
guarded by a pink monster.
If you blow him a kiss, he won't bite –
he'll just growl a little bit.

Cloud Friends

Dad said I have a good imagination.

Only because I keep telling him about all my friends who live in the clouds.

I even showed him the handprint the princess left by my window.

That's when he said it.

Sock
Dig
Things
S.f.

Sea Gulls

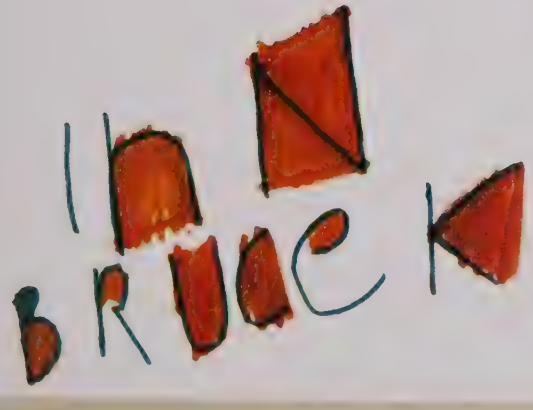
I bet if you could lasso all the sea gulls
that follow fishing boats and train them,
you wouldn't even need an engine.

Wet Sand

One of the best things about walking on wet sand at the seashore is the way it squooshes up between your toes.

Sea Thoughts

If seagulls had outboards, they'd be motor-gulls. And if boats had wings, they'd be wing-boats. That would be silly!


BRUCK

After Oz

The Wizard was supposed to take Dorothy and Toto home in a balloon, but he left without them.

That's probably just as well.

Because Dorothy and Toto got home to Kansas with the Ruby Slippers.

The poor Wizard kept making mistakes, so I'll bet the balloon took him to another land where all the people were so happy to see him that they crowned him the King and gave him a nice castle on a big hill.

When I grow up I think I'll make a movie out of *that* story.

B.A. KING was born in Toronto, Canada, and attended the Sorbonne in Paris and Hamilton College in New York. His photographs have been shown worldwide in more than 400 exhibitions and are in the collections of the Museum of Modern Art and other museums. His other books include *Objibwa Summer* (1972), *A Place to Begin, The New England Experience* (1976), and *Faces of the Great Lakes* (1977). At present he is photographing New England artists for the Smithsonian Institute and working on a book about Meriden-Stinehour. Mr. King lives in Southboro, Massachusetts, with his wife and four children—Jennifer, William, Wendy, and Bruce.

TOMIE DE PAOLA was born in Connecticut and studied at the Pratt Institute, the California College of Arts and Crafts, and Lone Mountain College in San Francisco. A noted author and illustrator of children's books, he has published more than seventy titles, including *Charlie Needs a Cloak* (1973), *Helga's Dowry* (1977), *Strega Nona* (1975), and *The Quicksand Book* (1977). He has been honored with the Brooklyn Museum's Art Books for Children Award twice and received the Caldecott Honor Book Award in 1976. Currently an Associate Professor at the New England College, he lives in New Hampshire where he is working on a new book, *The Clown of God*.

RISS-CROSS

PPLESAUCE